A 5acts fill with a prequel

For **morganoconner**: Dean/Gabriel, NC-17, Gabriel in Castiel's coat

This is a semi-sequel to the Gabriel/Castiel fill that I wrote for **unavoidedcrisis**...the original piece is posted here, and explains how Gabriel got the coat.

"So I stole this from Castiel," Gabriel says, wrapped in Castiel's trenchcoat.

"You...what?" Dean says. "Dude, it's way too big on you."

"And? Point in, I've got his coat, and it's actually more comfortable than it looks."

Dean pauses, giving Gabriel a good look-over. He has to admit, even with the sleeves rolled up and how it's obviously too big for Gabriel, that he likes what he sees. It's definitely not Gabriel's color, or style, but -

Dean reaches out and pulls Gabriel closer, kissing him while he rolls the sleeves back down.

"Hey," Gabriel protests, but Dean shuts him up with another kiss, and he tugs at the buttons on Gabriel's dress-shirt.

"Are you trying to impersonate Cas or something?" Dean asks, eyeing the black slacks and dress-shirt that Gabriel's wearing.

Gabriel snaps, and a tie appears. "Now I am," he says, and Dean's seen that smug grin before.

Fortunately for them both, that smug grin is kissable, and Dean proceeds to kiss Gabriel again, even as he debates the merits of simply pulling the shirt apart instead of fiddling with the buttons.

There's another snap, and Dean pauses in his kiss, leaning back. Did he just - ?

"Oh," Dean breathes. "Now *that's* nice."

Gabriel shifts in the coat - and *only* the coat. "I can't keep repairing this shirt, and you want me naked, so I figured it'd be a two-for-one deal. Everybody wins, right?"

"Um," Dean says, and decides that this is the right time to push Gabriel down on the couch so he can *touch*, but Gabriel shakes his head and doesn't budge, and then Dean finds himself lying back on the couch, Gabriel kneeling between his legs.

Dean opens his mouth to ask, or protest, or something, but then his pants are gone with a snap, and Gabriel's mouth is on his dick, and Dean's brain goes completely haywire.

"Nngadafa," Dean says as Gabriel sucks him down and licks and treats him like the best lollipop Gabriel's ever had, and Dean grips Gabriel's hair helplessly, hips jerking, eyes glazed over.

Dean can *feel* Gabriel's chuckle, and he's looking at Gabriel's hair, and Gabriel's hand on his dick, and Castiel's coat spread out behind him, and Dean makes another noise, thrusting as Gabriel does something with his fingers and tongue and Dean comes with a shout, arching up, gripping Gabriel's hair tightly.

As Dean falls back, panting, Gabriel climbs up and kisses his cheek and lips and jaw, humming happily.

"Like that?"

"Nnng," Dean answers, and Gabriel's grin goes from pleased to smug once more.